

Lemay Linda

"Triple Six Clubhouse"

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{*helicopter noise*}

[Lord Infamous]

Pickin' up the murder scripts
So come and dish it for the road
And the code of the motherfuckin' Triple Six sitcom,
ugh
Makin' sketchin' the infetion from the rich and come
along
For the mark on your arm it's the income
Ball on to the next century, misery
Scarecrow got a murder that is goin' down in history
A train from the north
A train from the south
There isn't
But they all collided
All the niggas died
Cause the green and pride
Cause I will persue you
Screw you
Put a slug through you the voodoo bruetaly
Ride I'm seventh of the sign
I'm the sniper you can't find
And my slug made of shiny jewelry
Mr. Boogie Man, Fee Fie Fo Fum
I smell some money in his hand, take his side arm
I don't give a fuck about your side
You can be from L.A., Miami, or the N-Y

Chorus (2x)

We gonna take you to the Triple Six club house
We got a plot for you already dug out
I'm gonna run outside man
And pop these thangs
Wanna wanna come play in a black reign

[Scarecrow]

Hearses drivin round your house, voodoo hex
Voodoo dolls restin on your bed throwin devil sets
Sick sadistic, nothin up my sleeve
Money boost blazin' quick just call me crow

For he's blaaay!
Crow got a lust for the devilish bust
And the Triple Six crush
and a touch like Malachi
Rollin' every spot
lookin for yo' ass and we high
With the inferred sewn in his flesh
And like some fuckin' disco lights
We gonna cut ya into itty bitty parts
Meet me on your side of town
Where they keep the graveyards
Crush blasted rest lots of trash
Empty shells cracked
Cell City streets, black males found in blood trails
Ain't enough mail for all y'all to prevail
So that we an put to sleep and they smeele while they
pale
Sippin on the salty wines of your sweet softy blood
My name is Scarecrow, bitch you're welcome to my club

Chorus (2x) -fade on 2nd-

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